

See WILKINSON, the Real Estate Man.

# THE DAYTONA DAILY NEWS.

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Goes Everywhere and Reaches All Classes.

Daytona, Florida, Wednesday, January 11, 1906.

Best Advertising Medium in Daytona and Vicinity

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BINGHAM & THOMPSON

A Number of Desirable Furnished Cottages offered for Rent.  
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REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

## What Came of ...An Ideal

(Original.)

There was once an artist who achieved great fame in the painting of one picture. He never painted another that came anywhere near equalling it, but his masterpiece alone was enough to make his fortune.

While struggling for recognition he fell in love with and married a young girl—Helena was her name—who to him was perfection. It is well known that lovers endow the objects of their love with every attraction, and this man endowed his wife especially with great beauty. He painted a picture of her not as his imagination saw her, but as she was, and when the picture was completed he supplied its beauty from his imagination, just as he had done in the case of the original.

Soon after the completion of the portrait Helena sickened and died. The husband was inconsolable. He would sit all day looking at the portrait, which to him was even more beautiful than it was when he painted it. A whole year passed, and he had done nothing but mourn. He was so poor that his clothes were rags, and he had nothing to eat except dry bread. Then one day upon learning that there was to be a competition for an altar piece for a cathedral, a Madonna and child, he roused himself to an effort to win the prize. The winning picture must be a wonder, and three years were given in which to produce it.

The artist knew that the first thing for him to do was to find a model. It was the spring of the year, and he sallied forth into the country, thinking to discover among the dairymaids or shepherdesses what he desired, for it was from the simpler classes that the mother of Jesus came. The pleasant air and sunshine brightened the spirit within him, and he became interested in his search. He visited many young women, but found none that he thought would do for a divine model. His ideal was the face of his lost wife, and one may look a long while without finding an ideal of anything.

One morning he passed a dairy farm, and, going back to the cow sheds, a girl arose from milking and greeted him with a very pleasant smile—a smile of pity, for the man was in tatters and looked hungry. She offered him a cup of milk fresh from the cow and then took him into the neat farmhouse and gave him a good meal. When the farmer and his wife came in they gave him a hearty shake of the hand and approved of what their daughter Cecilia had done.

The artist stayed at the farm several days. Indeed, they would not let him go till he had gained strength to travel.

During these few days it was growing upon him that the face of Cecilia was especially suited for the mother of one who, though divine, was born in a manger.

The artist confessed his profession and told the farmer of his object. The man was so pleased that his daughter should sit for a picture of the Virgin that he consented to take her to the artist's studio himself.

For months the picture of the Madonna was growing on the canvas. Unconsciously the painter, though he followed Cecilia's features and outline, put in the expression with which his imagination had endowed his lost wife. The picture therefore became a thing of heavenly beauty. But the artist could find no child that would do for a model of the infant Saviour. He had sketched a child's outline in the picture, hoping every day to come upon the model he wanted. The babe should resemble its mother, and no babe could be found with the features of Cecilia.

By this time the artist had become engrossed in his work. Gradually his imaginary conception of his wife's beauty was transferred to the model, and through her to the canvas, though of this he was unconscious. Then one day it occurred to him to marry Cecilia, and perhaps they would have a child that would do for the model infant Jesus. Her father consented, and the marriage took place.

After his marriage the artist left her picture as it was, hoping for a child from which he might fill in the child in the picture. A little son came to him, and when it was about fifteen months old he transferred the image to the canvas. The Madonna was a wonder; the child had inherited her features, and her father adored him. When the picture was finished the few who were permitted to see it were struck dumb with admiration. But one thing puzzled the artist. No one saw any likeness between the Madonna and Cecilia.

It was a happy morning for the artist and his family when the award was announced and he was found to be the winner. The prize was enough to keep them very modestly, and they not only enjoyed a competence, but the fame the father and husband had won. He tried often again to do such work, but never succeeded. However, his name on a picture was ever after sufficient to insure its sale for a large sum.

One day several years after the winning of the prize the artist went up into his garret to hunt for a frame he hoped might be there. His old pictures were scattered about, mostly dabbles of his student days. There was one picture, the portrait of a woman, that he could not remember ever having painted. He took it up and held it to the light. The face was a very commonplace one. He tried to remember what model he could have used in its painting. Suddenly the truth flashed upon him. It was the picture he had made of Helena.

F. A. MITCHEL.

## WARNING TO AUTOMOBILISTS

Fast Driving on the Streets a Menace to Life. Sightseers on Beach Are Cautioned.

Racers are now on the Daytona beach every day, when the tides permit, endeavoring to test their machines thoroughly, and hundreds of people go over to see what time is made or how rapidly they shoot by.

These sightseers are composed of automobilists and bicyclists in the main, but many ride in their carriages or even walk over. They are anxious to see fast time made but do not seem to know what it means to travel at 80 or 110 miles per hour. On the beach it is a case of "here she comes!" and immediately the spectator must call out "yonder she goes!"

Keep off the course. Either drive or walk well up to the soft sand or close to the water's edge. The driver of the ordinary auto too often wants to show what his little car can do and takes up the best part of the track. He wears his goggles and assumes all the postures and airs of the racer, monopolizes the best parts of the track and imagines the eyes of all are upon him, and in reality he is seldom noticed.

Parties were to be seen yesterday learning to ride bicycles and even children playing directly in the track, endangering not only their own lives, but the lives of others. Serious and fatal accidents are sure to occur a few days hence when there will be many titanic machines speeding, unless the people are more careful.

Now for the rights of the other side. A law is in force prohibiting vehicles from being driven on the streets at a speed greater than 10 miles an hour. Another law, old as the hills, requires all vehicles to turn to the right.

In the case of a high-power racer which must be run over some of the streets, people are willing that the speed law be broken, knowing that the machines are not able to run within the required speed. But there are several owners who continually drive at a rate far exceeding the law. They do not turn to the right, especially for bicyclers who are often forced on to the side walks. Yesterday a little girl fell from her wheel on Beach street and was knocked unconscious. An auto was almost upon her when the accident occurred. This auto was driven by an expert, a gentleman who rarely, if ever, exceeds the speed limit, and he was able to stop his machine. Had it been one of the inveterate fast drivers a fatal accident could not have been averted.

The streets are for the use of all. Equal rights to all, special privileges to none, should be the watchword. Courteous treatment, by no means rare, should be more widely extended and thus not only obviate feelings, but accidents.

There is no doubt but what you can rent your furnished rooms, but wouldn't it be easier to put a little local in The DAILY NEWS and rent them sooner than you would otherwise?

## To The Auto.

(Apologies to John Van )

Here's to the auto;  
May we hear it too  
In time to scoot.

—The Unchained Poet.

## A Sweet Joke.

An American army officer who was in Cuba during the Spanish war, was extremely dissatisfied with the cooking. He insisted that the Cubans put sugar into everything they cooked. At last he announced that he would eat nothing but boiled eggs. "They can't sugar them," he declared. So he ordered them next morning. But before he appeared at the table another officer had filled the salt cruet with sugar. When the "kicker" appeared his eggs were brought to him. He opened them with a gloomy complacency and sprinkled over them plenty of the doctored salt. At the first mouthful he turned purple. "Sugared! Sugared!" he exclaimed and rushed from the table.

## Robbing The Mails

D. C. Owings, Postoffice Inspector from Washington, D. C., and C. T. Merrill, U. S. Marshal at Jacksonville, arrived Monday looking for a man accused of robbing the mails. Marshal Zuber gave what aid he could but the thief was not apprehended.

## New Auto Coming

Ford has now almost completed another very light and very high-powered car which he predicts will become as famous as his wonderful old 999, with which he last winter on the ice fixed a 39.45 second mark, in spite of the fact that the car was almost three years old. The new car is to be a 30-horse power car which will weigh but 1,300 pounds. Mr. Ford said that he will himself drive the car at Daytona. Ford has demonstrated that he has wonderful nerve. It is the lightest car for the power that was ever produced.

## Will Appear at Court.

Walter W. Rush arrived yesterday in the care of Sheriff Turner.

Rush was wanted for wife desertion and after much search was located and arrested in Tampa. He married Miss Livingston of this city and lived with her more than a year. A child was born and when but a few days old the heartless wretch deserted, leaving no means for her support. He was arrested and put under bond to pay her \$3 per week.

He again deserted and his bondsmen would not, or could not, pay, so he was again arrested and put under a \$500 cash bond for his appearance at Criminal court, where he is likely to receive well-merited punishment.

John Roberts killed two deer within three miles of town and was selling the meat on the streets yesterday.

A telegraph office has been opened at the Clarendon Hotel, Seabreeze, for the use of the public. Miss A. Morton, of Sea Cliff, L. I., has charge and will be found very accommodating.

## SPLENDID ERA FOR DAYTONA.

The Garden Spot of Florida Presents Inducements for the Willing Worker

Let us inaugurate the new era of prosperity which is dawning upon Daytona with an enthusiastic spirit. Fortune smiles upon us and let us take advantage of fortune's smiles; they are ours—ours to enjoy, and in which to bask. The cornucopia hangs propitiously. The goddess of Pomona is more prolific in her new pledges of great abundance when we reap this harvest now ready to garner.

There is nothing sad in the past for Daytona. The world was bright. Florida was all right. Daytona is the best city in Florida. No floods wash away property here. No seismic turbulence sears our land with molten lava or swallows up the affrighted populace. The dark and ominous clouds that threatened have passed away and our winter of discontent is made glorious summer by the brightening rays of these suns of Florida.

Rich groves of trees greet us on every hand. The world is ours. The prices offered for the products of our land are most flattering and encouraging to the husbandmen. Florida is the garden spot of the world.

We have health than can be found alone in Nature's sanitarium. We have water as pure as the nectar that failed gods were wont to quaff with glee. We have all the concrete blessings that a succinct statement might define, and it is our pleasure and our duty to still further enjoy this state of human happiness.

Daytona must and shall go ahead. It has the sinews of war; it has the fire of youth, and the courage of its convictions. Its property values are advancing steadily and with a healthy growth, and everything is moving along as merrily as marriage bells. Put your shoulders to the wheel and help boost the town. Help yourself, and God will do the rest. This vicinity is most prolific

with opportunities for money-making and the time is opportune. Our resources are legion, and fortune, which knocks but once at every man's door, is now loudly knocking at our gate.

Bid it welcome.

## The City Marshal.

If a row occurs on the streets, or a drunken man monopolizes the sidewalks, a cry goes up from the citizens, "Where is the marshal?"

True it is that, like the average policeman, when needed he is often elsewhere. In larger cities the policemen have beats covering a square or two and are on duty but eight hours. For this service he receives \$2.50 per day. Here we have but one officer, who is popularly supposed to be on duty all the time, and cover about two square miles. For this service he receives the munificent sum of \$40 a month. On this pittance a man is expected to support a family, pay his debts and work practically all the time—not to mention what he ought to lay up for old age.

Perquisites, some one says. What are the perquisites for an honest man who does his duty? Not one cent.

Some of the citizens may not like the present marshal personally, but all agree that he has made an efficient officer, as is attested by the number of prominent citizens who have signed a petition to increase his salary, and by those who donated liberally for a Christmas present to him.

Let the salary be raised to \$50 per month—if he is not worth that amount, a better man is sadly needed.

B. Oldfield and wife and A. G. Beckhold, Cleveland, are at The Despland.

A. M. Young and wife, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. E. Rolf, Miss Tamany, Miss Elliott, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. E. H. Holmes, Chicago, are at the Clarendon.

Queen  
Quality

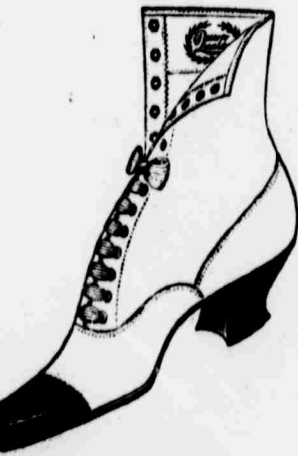
FIT

A cheap shoe is like a politician—it can be easily bent in any direction. Why not wear Queen Quality and spare the feet?

Boots \$3.

A few specials \$3.50.

J. A. Hendricks



Opposite Postoffice.

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Have the Largest Stock of

Crockery, Glass, Enameled

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The DUNLAP PERCALTOR if you want good, clear coffee. The pot that boils.  
GRUBER-MORRIS HARDWARE COMPANY.